

Dreaming of you
by MarshAngel

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Summary: Could that other person in Serena and Darien's dreams possibly be real?

Dreaming of you

I don not own Sailor Moon that dream could only come true if life was like this fanfic.

>This story is just a little something I dreamed up while watching TV when I should be studying. If you want to see the HTML version (much prettier) you can see it on my page from the Earth to the Moon at it's new address <http://www.crosswinds.net/~marshangel/angelmoon.htm>

>If you have any comments or anything else for that matter, e-mail me at watsonma@hotmail.com
Now on with the story...

>

>Dreaming of You
MarshAngel AKA Marshmellow

>

>
Darien sat up again gasping for air. It had happened again, this time more detailed than the first. He rolled out of the hot damp sheets and dragged himself into the bathroom.

>
He had cottonmouth and the appearance of his face in the mirror would scare small children. His eyes looked strange and tired and he had the shadow of a growing beard over his usually smooth face.

>
He splashed water on his face to help clear his mind and detach himself from his dream world. This time it hadn't been just a feeling, a mere sensation of something he knew was there but could not see or touch. He had seen her, a mere glimpse really, a vision of white silk on the breeze and rose petals among blonde curls. It was almost as if he were really there but really it was just a dream.

>
The feel of cold water on his skin managed to snap him back to reality even as thoughts of his dream and the woman in them faded into the recesses of his mind replaced with the concerns of the moment. He desperately needed a shower, a shave and a great deal of coffee.

>
"What's the matter with you?" Andrew asked his best friend as he watched him

>
 "It's nothing," he replied quietly but not convincingly. He hadn't even bothered to look up from the dark steaming liquid he held between both hands. He wasn't sure why he'd come to the cafÃ© tonight. He was too tired to be out drinking coffee at this late hour.

>
But Andrew was here. Maybe he could help him with his dream.

>
Andrew stared at Darien's empty eyes, staring intently into his coffee. He did not for a moment believe his friend's words. Something was definitely going on.

>
Darien for a moment glanced up to see his friend looking intently at him waiting for the explanation that in truth, he really wanted to give.

>
"I had this dream early last week. It was really strange. I didn't even see anything, or if I did I can't really remember. It was just this overwhelming feeling." He sought for the words to describe it but he was at a complete loss. "I can't really explain it. There was this feeling of familiarity and peace and something else."

>
Then just this morning I had the same dream only this time I could almost see her, feel her presence."

>
"Her?" Andrew questioned with a quirky smile on his face.

>
"It's not like that!" Darien snapped somewhat annoyed at Andrew for turning this into some fantasy girl dream.

>
"Geez! This really has you on edge! The dream's pretty strange. Sounds somewhat cool though. So why does it have you so upset?"

>
"I don't know. I think it might have a little something to do with the fact that I woke up," he said, smiling wryly. "If I could have just hung in there a bit longer, saw her face you know. It just seems so important."

>
"Well I don't know what to tell you," Andrew said sounding almost disappointed that he couldn't be of more help. Maybe you should stop drinking that coffee, go home, and get to sleep as soon as possible. Maybe you'll have the dream again."

>
"I wish I could, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to pull an all-nighter. I have that

>Organic Chemistry final tomorrow."

>"What can I say man? It sucks to be you! I don't have finals until next week."

>Andrew grinned at his best friend overjoyed to be able to rub this one thing in his face. The poor guy obviously had a penchant for self-punishment. All the professors liked him, he was absolutely brilliant, extremely independent not to mention good-looking and yet he forced himself into situations like these: studying all night long despite the fact that an A was inevitable.

> "You know Andrew, it's moments like these that make me wonder why I hang around here talking to you."

>"You need me. But anyway I need you out of here, I'm closing in a few minutes and you have a test to study for, not that you really need to."

>"I'll see you tomorrow then, Drew." He picked up his coat from the chair next to him and with a wave of the hand Darien walked out of the cafÃ© and into the cold night.

>Not more than two hours after propping himself up on the couch to study his eyelids had begun to grow heavy and the string of scientific phrases began fading from his mind. The endless array of

numbers, words and symbols melted into falling Cherry blossoms and white silk. He could almost smell their dainty flowery scent as the soft silky petals fell into his hair and bounced gently off his eyelids.

>Wherever he was, the walls were invisible as white mist and sheer white silk that hung from the ceiling surrounded him. He looked up but could only see the same white mist where he had expected to see the material meet the ceiling, and the origin of the flowers that were falling like snow, disappearing as easily as they came into the mist that swirled around his feet.

>He was sure now. He could smell the flowers, and the faint scent of incense. He could actually taste the air he breathed. It tasted sweet like rose wine. It was all so alien, so fantastical.

>He parted the many silk drapes, not quite sure what he was looking for but knowing instinctively that whatever it was, it was here. He could feel it in his very soul.

>He walked on parting the numerous drapes stopping suddenly when he came upon the seemingly everlasting long blonde lengths. The soft golden curls seemed to hang in mid-air attached to nothing and no one.

>He moved in closer reaching out to touch the blonde curls, curious as to whether they were as soft as he imagine, silkier than the material surrounding him. He wasn't disappointed. He wrapped a long silky curl around his finger and brought it to his nose. It smelled like the roses that sprinkled themselves through her curls.

>He followed the curls hoping to find their owner. Surely she was beautiful as this place and the small piece of her he held between his fingers. He could not hold back a gasp of surprise when he caught sight of the face resting on the white satin pillows, her golden tresses hanging over the edge of a bed littered with red and white rose petals. She was more beautiful than he had imagined possible.

>Her sooty lashes rested against her rosy cheeks, a stark contrast to her peaches and cream, porcelain smooth skin. Her lips were the most perfect shade of pink and her eyebrows perfectly arched even as she slept. A most peaceful appearance he had never seen on a human face. No, she couldn't be human she had to be an angel. That certainly was the only explanation.

>He reached out to touch the soft skin of her cheek, unable to stop himself. It was only then as her eyes started to open did he sense himself fading from her world. "No, not now," he whispered to himself aloud. "Just a little bit longer..."
 It was too late. He was awake and painfully aware of it as the bright morning sunshine penetrated his lids. He groaned, moaning his loss as well as the uncomfortable position he'd fallen asleep in on his couch.

>
It had been so real. He could feel her, smell her, and taste the air around her... Who was she and why did she inhabit his dreams? More important why did it always end just when he wanted it to go on?

>
He looked at the watch he had never bothered to take off last night. He was surprised he had slept so long. How could a dream last so long yet seem so short? He had just enough time to shower and get dressed before getting to class to take that test.

>

>Serena woke up slowly as the sunlight streamed in through her windows, the thin curtains doing nothing to diminish the blinding light that seemed to pierce her very eyelids as she let go of her dreams. She could remember feeling very odd in those dreams she couldn't remember, as though someone was watching her.

>Just before she had woken up she thought she had seen someone. Had

her brother been in her room again? No it wasn't possible. If he had, she would have indubitably been the victim of one of his annoyingly pathetic practical jokes.
She glanced over at the cat-shaped clock on her nightstand. It was earlier than she was used to being up on a morning when she had no school. She sighed and rolled over onto her stomach. What should she do today?

>
Maybe she should just show up at Raye's. Raye just might have a fainting spell, or go into shock or something at the sight of Serena up about this early in the morning. It certainly would provide her with some amusement.

>

>Raye felt someone sneaking up behind her. Whoever they were they were making an unsuccessful effort to be quiet. Leaves rustled beneath the stranger's feet. She would not let herself be attacked by some strange pervert on the grounds of the temple. She did a quick turn, pointing the handle of the broom she had been using towards the stranger.
"Ahhh! Will you watch what you're doing with that thing!" A high-pitched wince came from the ground where the blonde girl had fallen as she had attempted to take a step back out of harms way.

>
"Serena! What are you doing sneaking up on me? Don't you have anything better to do?"

>
"Geez! I don't know who planted that tree up your butt but I hope you get it out some day! I was just trying to surprise you." She dragged her bruised butt from the pavement rubbing it as she glared at the dark-haired priestess.

>
"Well you should know better than to sneak up on people! You are such an airhead! Isn't it a bit early for you to be out of bed anyway?"

>Serena frowned; her surprise had been ruined by Raye's lack of fascination with her sudden early appearance.
"My dream woke me up and I couldn't go back to sleep, so I thought I could surprise you or something."

>
"Well as long as you're here, make yourself useful," she commanded pointing at a broom leaned against a tree."

>"Raye!" Serena whined loudly, not wanting to sweep leaves first thing in the morning or at all.

>"Well, the sooner I get done here, the sooner we can go shopping," Raye replied tersely. It was all the motivation Serena needed to get moving.

>"That must have been some dream to get you up this early in the morning," Raye commented as they began working side by side.

>"Huh?" Serena asked, confused as to what Raye was talking about.

>Raye sighed exasperatedly. "Meatball Head, you said your dream woke you up
What kind of dream was it?"

>
"Not the kind you're thinking about," Serena reprimanded as she noted the wry grin on Raye's face.

>
"Whatever! So what kind of dream was it?"

>
"I don't really remember. I just felt as though someone was in my room watching me. I thought someone touched my face, that's why I woke up."

>
"That sounds really creepy," Raye said frowning.

>
"It didn't feel creepy. I felt kind of safe actually. It was really weird. Anyway," she began changing the subject to one more comfortable for her to discuss, "Are we almost done yet? I want to go already!"

>
"Fine Meatball Head, why don't you go call the others while finish up out here.

>You are so lazy!"

>"I am not!"

>"Are too!"

>"Am not!"
...
>

>"Hey check that guy out!" Mina whispered in Serena's ear on the crowded subway.

>"What guy? There are too many people in here."

>"The guy over there with the brown hair."

>Serena glanced over the crowd, attempting to find the guy Mina had mentioned.

>She never had the chance however, as the train pulled to a stop and people started to move off. She felt a sleeve brush against her own causing a sudden shiver up her arm and down her spine. She turned to look up to see who it was, a senseless thing really, there were so many people around, moving back and forth.

>She looked up to see the back of a tall man in a green jacket topped by a head of black hair walking away from her. Everything seemed to go in slow motion as she watched him slowly turn to face her.
Suddenly someone bounced into her side causing her to turn around. It was an older woman; Serena helped her balance herself then turned around to look at the strange man who had caught her attention. He was gone and the train began to move again.

>She was at a loss to explain what happened, the sudden burst of inexplicable emotion that had welled up inside her at his touch only to recede to wherever it had come from. She found herself staring at the subway doors as if expecting him to walk through them all over again. She couldn't explain what could possibly be so special about this man she hadn't even seen.

>"Earth to Serena! Anyone home?" Lita called in her friend's ear knocking on the side of her head in order to gain her attention.

>"Huh?" Serena sounded, confused for the umpteenth time today.

>"You spaced out Meatball Head, not that that's a big surprise considering the limits of the brain between your ears, if you have one that is," Raye snapped.

>"Oh shut up Pyro! You wouldn't know a brain if one landed in that empty space you call a head!"

>"Will you guys please stop! You're embarrassing me!" Amy whispered at them, glancing around nervously at the other people on the train.

>

>Darien had actually managed to keep his mind off the girl in his dream for the entirety of the test. It had been as bad as he expected but he had gotten through it with little difficulty. The memory of her had come rushing back as he had made his way off the train.

>He had felt a presence similar to hers on the train. She had touched him and sent his emotions over the edge for just a moment.

>It couldn't have been possible however, after all it was a merely a dream. The girl couldn't possibly exist in reality. Surely she was just a product of a tired mind and restless imagination. But who was it that had made his body suddenly feel so hot on the train. It had been a mere touch but one that had forced him to look back, only to see no one that looked like her, his vision obscured by that of a tall business man.

>He sighed; it could have been the production of a tired mind. The dreams did not allow him much rest; they were so real. Still he could not wait to see her again, maybe this time she'd see him and talk to

him. Maybe this time he would be able to touch her, feel her warmth nestle his face into her silky curls and take in her sweet smell.

>Woah! He caught himself. His imagination was certainly running wild turning the sweet innocent atmosphere of the dream into something significantly more erotic. His face flushed at the thought and he entered the cafÃ© he had been walking towards with a rather heated, embarrassed expression on his face.

>"Hey, Darien," Andrew called out to his best friend, waving him towards a seat at the counter.

>"Hey Drew, What's up?"

>"The usual. How was the test? You look tired. Long study session?"

>"The test was fine. I am very tired and no, I actually fell asleep before I could really get far with the studying."

>"How were the dreams?" Andrew asked, grinning at his friend.

>Darien frowned. "Amazing and apparently very tiring."

>"Tiring? What have you been doing?!"

>"Once again, not what you think. You have such a one track mind!"

>"Well if you ask me, your mind doesn't follow this track often enough. These dreams are probably just your subconscious mind telling you that you need a woman. You have so many girls hankering after you and yet you are still single."

>"May I remind you that one: I didn't ask, and two: You are as single as I am."

>"I won't be single for long."

>"Oh really. Don't tell me that girl Rita, you've been asking out forever actually agreed to go out with you?" Andrew had already asked the brunette beauty out three times to which she had neither replied positively or negatively which for some reason had given Andrew hope. He found it difficult to understand why Andrew insisted on chasing this one girl when they were so many others just waiting for him to glance their way.

>"No she didn't say yes yet, but she will, just give her time."

Darien rolled his eyes.

>"So what was so amazing and tiring about this dream of yours anyway?"

>"I saw her this time, her face that is. She is absolutely without doubt the most beautiful, perfect," he paused for a moment before adding, "angel I have ever seen."

>"Angel? What, did she have wings and a halo or something?" Andrew questioned skeptically. He was truly amazed at how involved Darien was becoming with these dreams.

>"No! She was just too perfect to be human, too beautiful. You should have seen her!"

>"Darien it was just a dream! Don't you think this is getting a bit out of hand?
Maybe you should see someone about this." Andrew was becoming worried. He could easily see this becoming an obsession.

>
"Damn it Andrew it wasn't just a dream! I could feel her warmth, I could smell her hair, it was so real!"

>
"Darien, calm down! What is going on here? It wasn't real, why are you so obsessed with this? It's making you edgy."

>
"No, I'm just tired," Darien said in a quiet, deflated tone. I think I just need to get some real sleep."

>
"Yeah, I know it's still early, but maybe you can close the blinds and take a nice long nap. You need it. And for God's sake, no

more coffee!"

>
"Yeah, yeah, Mother Hen." Darien smiled.

>

>
After arriving at his apartment, Darien found himself following Andrew's orders.

>
He closed the horizontal blinds and got into bed. Almost instantly his eyes grew heavier and his breathing slowed. He fell into a more restful state than he had experienced over the past few days.

>He awoke two ours later grateful for the rest but somewhat disappointed that his angel had not made an appearance. He thought about what had happened earlier today.

>Had he told Andrew about what had occurred on the train, his friend surely would have thought him mad. Andrew was already concerned about his state of mind; he did not need to motivate him to consider committing him to a mental institution.

>He made himself dinner before settling before the TV in his bedroom attempting to find something good to watch. As usual there was nothing good to watch. Even the documentary on advanced genetic theory could not hold his attention. The truth was he was putting off going to sleep to assuage his guilt. It was as though he was fighting an addiction to his dreams. It was absolutely crazy!

>Dreams shouldn't do this to a person. Besides, there was no guarantee he'd have the same dream if he went to sleep. He knew instinctively that that wasn't true even as the thought entered his mind. Somehow he knew, tonight he would have the dream and it filled him with a child-like excitement knowing he would see her again.

>He gave up his fight, giving into his growing obsession. He turned off the lights and television and allowed sleep to take over his mind. It seemed the dream was progressive because once more he found himself at her bedside but this time was very different. This time, she was awake and standing before him even more beautiful than the first time he'd seen her. He saw now what he'd missed before. Her eyes were like liquid sapphires, large and beautiful.

>

>Serena found herself locked in a seemingly endless gaze with a pair of amazingly dark and bottomless pair of blue eyes set in the most handsome face she'd come across. No, handsome simply did not do justice. The man before her was absolutely beautiful.

>His lashes were much too long and thick, as were the dark thick bangs that brushed against them flirtatiously. He had the most amazing face. He stood before her in a dark blue silk shirt open to the waist where it met closely fitted black pants. The blue silk of the shirt matched his eyes so very well. He couldn't possibly be real.

>She found herself unable to utter a single word to this tall, beautiful, man she was sure she had met before. She was shocked when she felt his hand reach up to caress her cheek. His hands were warm and smooth on her cheek. She couldn't disengage her eyes from his own as she placed a hand against his chest, as much to keep her from losing her balance as to be able to feel the warmth of his skin against her own.

>She felt herself pulling towards him, moving in to perform the delicate process that she knew would result in a kiss more wondrous than any she'd ever experienced. She could feel his breath against her lips just before her soft lips brushed against his own. She pushed in closer to allow him to deepen the kiss, but felt herself being pulled away towards a light that had seemingly appeared from nowhere. She felt as though she was being emotionally ripped apart as

she let out a scream for the man in her dreams. Tears ran down her cheeks as she found herself breathing hard, a fine sheen of sweat covering her skin, her scream echoing in her own ears as she sat up on the futon laid out on the floor or Raye's bedroom.
>

>Darien let out a cry of frustration as he was torn from his angel at the moment where they would be joined in the most passionate of kisses. It seems even his own dreams conspired to disappoint him. He had been so close. He'd wanted to hold her in his arms and never let her go.

>He lay in his bed staring up at the ceiling wondering just what was happening to him. How was it possible that these dreams were so real? He felt the warm smoothness of her cheek against his hand, felt her hot breath against his lips and soft palm against the skin of his chest.

>She had to be real, for the sake of his sanity she had to be. He didn't know how long he could survive without being able to touch her. He wondered what her voice sounded like. Was she as sweet, serene, honest as he could see in her eyes? What would it be like to really hold her in his arms and tell her he loved her?

>He loved her? Yes, he loved her. As insane as it was to his rational mind, he loved her. He'd never even heard her voice, had no proof she even existed but of that he was sure.

>He loved her.

>

>"Serena! Snap out of it! What's wrong?" Serena was sitting up on her futon between Lita and Amy, tears streaming down her face. Her scream had woken them all.

>"He's gone," she whispered to herself.

>"Who's gone?" Amy asked glancing around to see if anyone had entered the room while they slept.

>"I...I..." Serena really couldn't explain. She didn't know his name. For some reason that bothered her despite the fact that he was only a dream. Dream people didn't have names did they? But real people most certainly did, and he'd felt very real. She had felt his heart beating strong and fast beneath her palm and his heat enveloping her body as she'd moved in to kiss him.

>Her lips even now were still begging for him to touch her. She felt as though she might break in two from this horrible emptiness now that he was gone. She had never felt this emotionally overloaded from a dream before. No dream had ever seemed so real.

>"I'm fine, it was just a dream." She managed a forced smile that reassured no one.

>"Some dream! That sounded like someone was trying to kill you. You're all sweaty and weepy." Mina commented.

>"What was your dream about?" Raye asked genuinely concerned for her friend's well being.

>Serena's face flushed. What had happened had been so intimate and personal, not so much in action as in emotion, she was not sure she wanted to share. "I'd rather not talk about it," Serena said quietly, shocking all her friends.
The girls were very surprised. Serena had never kept anything from them before.

>Looking at her face however, it was easy to see that whatever the dream concerned, it was deeply personal and emotional for her.

>"I'm going to get a drink of water," she said, standing up. She was being so quiet and seemed rather dejected. This was certainly not the same girl who had been so energetic just yesterday. Her reaction only served to increase the curiosity of her friends.

>

>By the time Darien left his apartment he was in a horrible mood. If he didn't have this girl in his arms soon, he feared he would lose his mind. He shoved the door to the cafÃ© open rather aggressively. He walked over to the counter where Andrew was busy making art out of a frappacino.

>"While you're over there, Drew, I really need a double shot of espresso."

> Andrew turned to face his friend. "Whoa! You look like crap!" He critiqued.

>Darien's face was covered with a light shadow, his hair was an oily mess and he had that dangerous look in his eye that said: 'mess with me and die!'

>"Gee thanks," Darien replied rather sarcastically.

>"I take it you had another wonderful night?" Andrew called over his shoulder.

>"It started out well enough, and then just as things were so perfect, I wake up." All this was said in a tone so bitter that Andrew turned to face his friend.

>"Darien, don't you think this is getting a bit out of hand?"

>"She's real, Andrew, I just have to find her."

>Darien was the most rational, scientific minded person Andrew had ever known.
He never let his emotions take control. It was strange to see him like this. He was actually beginning to think these dreams of his were real.

>
"Darien you can't be serious! You just don't dream of people you've never met! It's impossible!"

>
"Normally I would agree with you, Drew but my gut tells me she's real. These aren't just dreams; they are too real. You don't feel someone else's breath, their heat, you can't see honesty in their eyes or smell their hair. You can't do those things in dreams. You can't know you love someone when you've never even heard them speak, not in dream."

>
Andrew was stunned by Darien's passionate outburst. He had never heard him speak like this. Darien was in love with a girl from his dream. He could find nothing to say to this outburst so he followed the advice his father had given him for moments like these and said nothing.

>

>
"I have never seen her like this," Amy who had known Serena longest whispered to her friends. "She's never kept anything from us before."

>
"Well we know the dream had a guy in it," Mina said. "I just wonder what he did to her to upset her so badly."

>
"Yeah, she's really on edge. Did you see the way her legs shook when she stood up?" Raye added. "We need to get her mind off whatever has upset her."

>
"What can we do?" Lita asked.

>
"Well, did the shopping thing yesterday, so how about we take her out to lunch?"

>
"Sounds good," Amy said. "Where to?"

>
"There's this new place, I don't even no the name, it just looks kind of cool," Mina exclaimed. "I've been meaning to try it out. It's not far from here either."

>
As they all agreed, Serena returned from the kitchen, looking a bit more composed.

>
"I'm sorry guys, it's just well..."

>
"It's ok Serena you don't have to explain if you don't want to," Amy said and received a light elbow in the ribs from Mina who desperately wanted to get the dish.

>
"Thanks Amy," Serena said gratefully. "Something about that dream just left me feeling like my heart was being ripped in two." She didn't say anymore, which in the end left them feeling even more confused and curious than ever.

>

>
For a long while Darien sat in silence as Andrew attended to his other customers.

>
He missed her, how strange? He missed someone he'd never even met. Frustrated with his inability to get his mind off his angel, he turned to walk out, waving to Andrew as he pulled the door open.

>
Serena found herself being pushed through the doors of a small restaurant she'd never been in before. She knew this was her friends' way of attempting to cheer her up, but as much as she appreciated it she wished they hadn't bothered.

>
There was that feeling again. That moment when time seemed to slow down and the rush of emotions threatened to overwhelm him. The sudden mixture of warmth all over his body and chills down his spine shocked him as a warm body hit his own.

>
Serena was unable to stop herself from bouncing right into the stranger coming through the door. Her body fell right into his fitting perfectly against his chest. It seemed electricity ran through her body as she came into contact with his warm hard chest. She suddenly felt the urge to laugh and cry all at once.

>
Midnight blue met liquid sapphires as he looked down and she looked up, instant recognition lighting their faces. The lightning-like attraction pulled them together like magnets, and the moment they had been denied for what had seemed an eternity bore down on them in an instant.

>
Time seemed to freeze as people turned to watch the magnetic attraction between the two people in the doorway. The two moved in what seemed to be slow motion. Darien held her warm body close to his own, thanking whatever angels had guided his petite angel to him, making his every wish come true.

>
Serena stood stunned at the amazing twist of fate that restored her torn heart to a whole as she stared into the eyes of the man of her dreams. Once more she could feel his warm breath on her lips, this time more real than ever, and knew instantly that nothing would tear them apart this time.

>
She yielded to the warmth and pressure of his lips on her own, reveling in the feeling of his tongue brushing against her lips. She opened at his prodding enjoying the taste of him, astonishingly sweet. It seemed their passionate embrace lasted forever and it just might have had they not felt the need to breathe.

>
Although he freed her lips from their kiss, Darien was not quite willing to let her go.

>She was content to remain in the warmth and security of his arms. They stood facing each other, unwilling to let go of the wondrous emotions they both felt. Their hearts were beating fast and their breaths left their bodies in short shallow gasps as they reveled in the feeling of completion they both felt.

>Serena's friends and Andrew stared on in shock; their mouths' hung open unbelieving the sight before their eyes.

>They stood together like that for a little while longer before reality intruded and they realized they had never even spoken a single word to each other.
"Hi!" Serena let out in a breathy gasp before losing herself in the strange hilarity of the situation and began to giggle.

>Her voice was so gentle, and her laughter like the lightest bells.

He found himself caught up in her laughter, and found himself laughing as well.
>"Hi!" he said. "I guess... no wait... I think..." He gave up on any speeches he had momentarily thought to say. "I'm Darien."
>"I'm Serena," she said smiling.
> Unsure as to whether or not they should shake hands as one does with first time acquaintances, they somehow agreed on a hug. They held each other tight knowing this would last forever and not even the coming daylight would keep them apart.
>
Like it? Hate it?
>Questions? Comments? E-mail anything you want to know or say to watsonma@hotmail.com
>
>
>
>

End
file.